

Good Morning 318

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

BOXING'S BIGGEST BOOM

★ Thinking about
Boxing as a
Career? W. H.
Millier gives you
inside information
★



These are World's oddest Books—

(From J. M.
Michaelson)

AMONGST the many thousands of books published each year there is usually one that is unique for reasons other than its literary quality.

A war veteran in Munich, suffering from shell-shock, found it soothing to produce minute books, and claimed a world record with a book half the size of a postage stamp, its 96 pages being only three-sixteenths of an inch thick.

Whether the Munich book was actually smaller than the copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam presented to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, in 1934, is uncertain. This book, produced at the Commonwealth Press in Massachusetts, was at one time acknowledged the smallest printed volume in the world. It weighs 1½ grains, is ¼ in. high and three-sixteenths of an inch wide.

Setting the type was so delicate a task that it had to be done at dead of night when no machinery or traffic was causing vibrations in the neighbourhood!

Very small books have long been a source of fascination to collectors. The ancient writer Pliny told of the existence of a copy of Homer's considerable "Iliad" which fitted into a nutshell, but he didn't mention what sort of a nut—perhaps a coconut!

There was not the paper in those days to make such a feat really possible.

Nevertheless the German scholar Professor Schreiber sought to emulate the feat.

His volume of the "Iliad" filled six hundred pages and fitted into a nutshell, a miniature worthy of comparison with a "Don Quixote" printed in Toledo on fifty-one cigarette papers!

MASSIVE MODERNS.

In contrast to these minute books we might take some monumental ones. If we exclude dictionaries and general encyclopaedias, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," published in six massive volumes, is probably the longest classic still published and talked about.

In fiction, Tolstoi's "War and Peace" occupies 1,200 pages and up, according to the edition.

The fashion for the very long novel showed signs of returning after the previous war. Many authors wrote series of

IS UNDER WAY NOW

MANY a young soldier, sailor and airman share the same all-absorbing thought at this moment. It is: What am I going to do when this bloody war is over?

There were many thousands who had not yet chosen a career before joining the Services, and these will be glad of any advice that can be given them if it can help to shape their ideas towards choosing their work in Civvy Street.

I have already given it as my opinion that sport is

likely to boom as never before. There will be plenty of money in sport in the years of spending following the declaration of peace—and it is fairly obvious that fresh blood will be wanted more than anything else.

In no other sport is there such a pronounced lifelessness as professional boxing. It is almost on its last legs, and will surely die out if fresh talent is not forthcoming. My mem-

ory goes back a long way in boxing, and I can say without hesitation that I have never known a period such as the present with its utter poverty of champions or even good second-raters. You have only to observe the age of some of the men who hold titles. They hold the titles merely because very few have thought it worth while to make the effort to become champions. The present position is almost laughable, and, if you feel at all serious about it, you might describe it as disgusting.

Your genuine old-time boxer, who really did know how to box, is certainly disgusted at the present-day performers. He does not mince words in giving his opinion, but will tell you that the majority of so-called boxers are obtaining money under false pretences.

There is plenty of money to be had for the asking, and that is the root of the evil. It all comes so easily that there is no need to sweat blood to learn by the hard process all there is to know about boxing. This really means that there are no real artists. By that I mean the type of boxer who is not content to get money easily, but must strive to perfect himself just to satisfy himself that he is doing his best.

What a fine chance there is for youngsters who will make up their minds to become

really first-class boxers. There never were such opportunities as there are now, and it is fairly certain that the public interest will grow apace if there are new stars to maintain the interest in the sport. The mere fact that for several years past the public has paid to see very ordinary performers is sufficient to show that most people will be keen to encourage any promising newcomers.

As I am now dealing with the chances of ex-Servicemen earning a livelihood in sport, I will not refer to the amateur side of the game, except to mention that I know of no better means of getting a good idea of the rudiments of the game than by joining a good amateur boxing club. Most of the old-established clubs have professional instructors, who can readily spot a likely lad and will go out of their way to give him extra tuition if they feel that their efforts will not be wasted.

There are always plenty of sparring-partners to be had, and it is by means of boxing with many changes of partners that one learns how to cope with opponents of varying styles, and so on. The aspirant to boxing fame can rarely do better than gain his early grounding in an amateur club. He will then soon be able to form an

idea as to whether he may feel himself made of the right stuff to shine as a professional.

I know of quite a number of amateur boxers who have succeeded in the world of industry mainly because they happened to be good boxers. Take, for instance, the many clubs affiliated to the Business Houses Sports Association. Nearly all the big firms are represented here, and if one particular concern wants to gain successes for its boxing club it holds out the inducement of good jobs for first-class boxers.

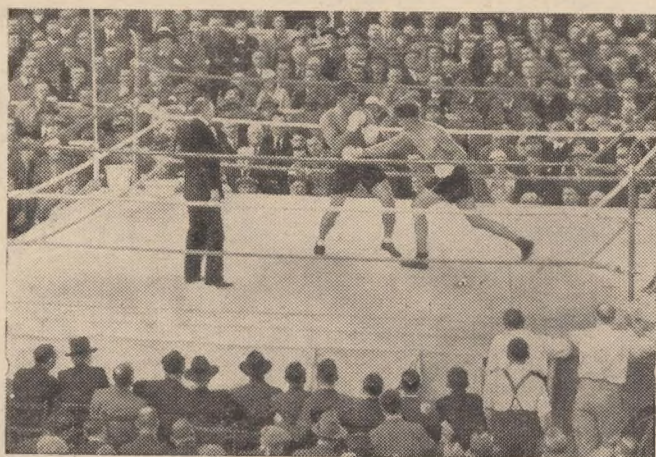
Boxing is essentially the game for the individualist. When he faces an opponent in the ring he has only himself to depend upon, and it is up to him to see that he makes no mistakes. True, he can generally get valuable advice from a good second if he has a good one in his corner, but in the end the result depends on his own efforts. You would think that this fact alone would make a man train as conscientiously as possible in order that he may bring out the best that is in him. Yet I have known many otherwise very capable boxers who could not be persuaded to train as thoroughly as they ought to have done.

One man I have in mind could have become a world champion with very little trouble, but instead of going through the hard grind of training he would spend most of his time hitting the high spots, and although he was extraordinarily capable in his contests, considering his neglect of training, he failed to reach the top.

The greatest exponent of scientific boxing was Jim Driscoll, the best feather-weight champion this country ever produced. Driscoll learned his boxing as an amateur, and when he became a professional he never made the mistake of thinking that he knew all there was to know. He was always trying new moves and improved methods of training.

When he had reached the veteran stage and all the boxing world looked up to him as the great champion he undoubtedly was, he told me that he was always learning. No boxer ever trained more conscientiously than Driscoll. It was not only for his championship fights that he put in every ounce of effort; he trained even for an exhibition bout of three rounds, and that was very largely the secret of his success.

Here, then, is a sport simply crying out for fresh talent. Its prizes are worth while and well repay the hours spent in mastering the art of boxing. Even if one fails to become a successful professional the efforts expended in learning to box are never wasted. They teach the willing pupil self-restraint and give him a feeling of confidence in himself, which is well worth while. In addition, the exercise in itself is a fine means of building a strong body, and with that a man can face anything.



novels which were in fact one story.

Of the very long single-volume stories, perhaps Hutchinson's "Testament," a modern counterpart to "War and Peace," and "Gone With the Wind," became best known.

All these stories pale into insignificance, however, before a story published serially by a Tokyo newspaper on 3,700 consecutive days. This makes the story about 100 times as long as the average novel. The author was at last exhausted in 1937.

Unique for another reason was a book completed in 1937. Its author was Dr. Paul Vergoza, and he was probably the only man alive who could read it.

It was composed in the ancient Hiligayon script of one of the Philippine Island provinces. Dr. Vergoza was a scholar of this script, which is written in horizontal columns upwards, starting at the bottom left-hand corner.

Some years ago an American, E. V. Wright, produced a novel in the whole of whose 50,000 words there was not a single letter "e."

Try writing even one moderately long sentence without an "e" in it and you will appreciate the virtuosity of this feat.

Whether it was worth while or of any significance is another matter! Not to be beaten, another U.S. writer, the Rev. J. Cargile, of Georgia, came out with a novel every word of which began with the letter "s." It took him two years to write.

A sample sentence is: "Seagulls swiftly sped sometimes swooping suddenly, scraping something sea surface, stopping several seconds seeing something stomach-satisfying."

TEN-LETTER TOME.

As a matter of fact, these books were not nearly so novel as they seemed. The ancient poet Pindar wrote an Ode in which not a single letter "s" was used, and this pastime seems to have been quite popular in ancient Persia, for there

is an anecdote of a sage who was shown a poem by a young poet, who said its novelty was that only ten letters of the alphabet were used throughout.

"The poem would have been better and even more novel," replied the critic, "if you had omitted these ten letters as well."

The last word in "missing-letter" books seemed to have been written when a novelist called Vega wrote a series of five books, in each of which one vowel was completely missing.

But Lord Holland's book, "Eve's Legend," which uses no vowel except "e," was a considerable feat.

Addison satirised all these freakish books in "The Spectator" with a book to end missing-letter books.

It was supposed to be the story of Ulysses, written in twenty-four books. In the first, no letter "a" was used, in the second no letter "b," and so on through the whole alphabet!

Perhaps the greatest novelty in book publishing in the years between the wars was a detective novel printed and bound so as to give the appearance of being the original dossier on the case.

The sheets included telegrams, typewritten reports on forms, hand-written letters, and even bits of material and a lipstick which were vital clues in the case! This book was followed by several others of the same type.

Two of the unusual books of recent years have come from T. E. Lawrence—"Lawrence of Arabia." The first was "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," whose first edition consisted of only 100 copies, sold at £42 each.

The other was "The Mint," an account of his life in the Air Force. Only ten copies were printed, and kept under close guard in Britain and the U.S.

The public will not be able to read the book until 1950, when a full edition will be published.



Hello There, A.B. Skilling

MESSAGES from two homes in readiness for your home-are here for you, A.B. coming. Skilling. And that means there will be two welcomes for you next leave.

First, your mother assures you that all is well at home; she and father are both well, and Beryl will be starting school in the near future.

Alfred gets home often, and a frequent visitor is Rose Talbot. Gossip says a double wedding is on the way. And that seems to indicate you!

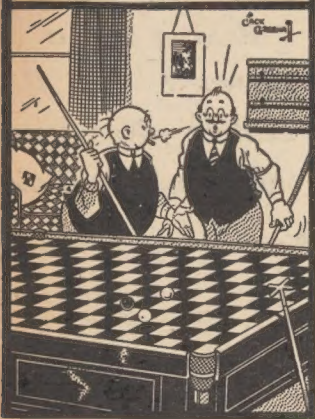
Before we leave your home, Mrs. Skilling closes with her love and news that some extra-special cakes are on the way to you.

Mrs. Mitchell and Elsie both send fond wishes, and agree it is about time you were home again. They and all the family are well, and Whisky, the rabbit, is getting fatter and fatter



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

USELESS EUSTACE



"See! I made no idle statement when I said my wife was a terror for checks!"

QUIZ

for today

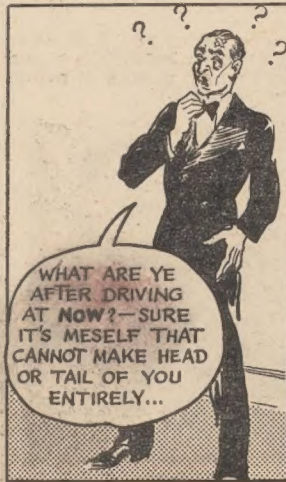
1. A dabbaba is a magic word, Chinese baby, ancient chess piece, mathematical term, South Seas medicine man?
2. Who wrote (a) Daniel Deronda, (b) Danny Deever?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—17, 19, 21, 23, 29, 31, 37.
4. Of what was the original Cinderella's slipper made?
5. About how much water does an English railway train consume in travelling one mile?
6. What was Henry Irving's real name?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Myrmidon, Myriaped, Mussell, Musquash, Muni-ficient, Murmur.
8. Who discovered radium?
9. In what games does one use (a) a puck, (b) a knur?
10. Of what nationality was King Canute?
11. Where was Magna Carta signed?
12. Name four Bible characters whose names begin with N.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 317

1. Game.
2. (a) Edgar Jepson, (b) A. E. Coppard.
3. Ocarina is a musical instrument; others are musical compositions.
4. Oliver Cromwell; the mace in the House of Commons.
5. Nitrogen.
6. The first British Expeditionary Force in 1914.
7. Camouflage Catastrophe.
8. (a) Criminal Investigation Department (b) Cash on Delivery.
9. A pen.
10. Shooting.
11. About 53 miles.
12. Elias Howe, American.

JANE



To-day's Brains Trust

A PHILOSOPHER, a Schoolmaster, an Archaeologist, and a Historian, answer the question:—

What is the world's oldest game? Some games, like Backgammon, stay with us for a time and then are forgotten, but others endure through centuries. Is there any known reason for this? What makes a game popular?

Philosopher: "The question raises several points, and I certainly cannot say which is the oldest game. But I think it is possible to give a few of the characteristics which a game must have if it is to last. 'I should say the rules must be simple, the apparatus easily obtained, the time required for play on the short rather than the long side, and the number of players variable within reasonable limits. I might add that the sense of contest must be well brought out, for a successful game is a sort of sublimation of the fighting instinct. The winner must always feel, and be acknowledged, a conqueror.'"

Schoolmaster: "That all sounds very reasonable, but I doubt if it is true. Chess, for instance, is a very ancient game, and is still so popular that I doubt if you could find a single boys' boarding school in this country which has not a chess club and annual tournament."

"Yet chess complies with hardly any of the conditions laid down by the Philosopher. The rules are complicated, the pieces cannot be improvised but have to be bought, a good game takes a long time, and the number of players is limited to two."

Historian: "A point which I was going to raise is also disposed of by the game of chess. That was the element of chance. In chess there is a minimum of chance and a maximum of skill, but in the case of most other games skill and chance are generally present in about equal proportions."

"In card games, for instance, the hands dealt are the product of pure chance,

and then skill is used to make the best of them. For that reason I was going to suggest that a successful game is one that resembles the great game of life."

"Your gifts and fortune are in the hands of chance, but you are free to use your skill in making the best of them."

Archaeologist: "I do not know which is the oldest game, but the Babylonians certainly played a game very much like our 'Snakes and Ladders' five or six centuries B.C. The game probably depended on the throwing of dice, which is another way of saying on pure chance, though the throw of the dice may have seemed to the Babylonians to be in the hands of their gods."

"A game, I think, is always some form of playing with fate. You run risks, do dangerous things, and meet with chance accidents, knowing all the time that you will not actually suffer however it all turns out."

"In other words, you enjoy the excitement of dangerous living without really being in danger."

Archaeologist: "But gaming is certainly very old, and a man who gambles heavily does, very often, run into danger. He may not only lose his fortune, but his means of livelihood as well."

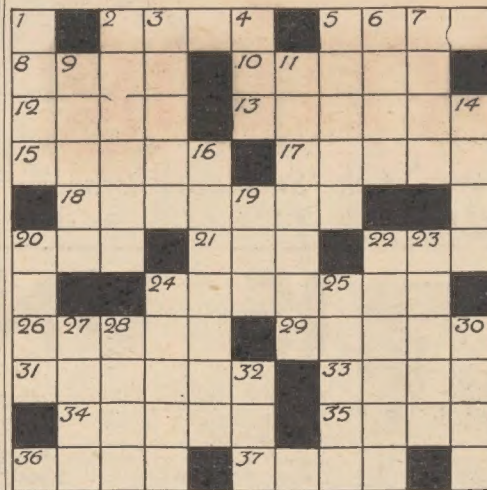
Philosopher: "Perhaps that gives a clue to the nature of a successful game."

"It is, perhaps, a mirror of life—a mirror which those who gamble try to convert into the real thing."

"And I do not think chess is so very different from other games as regards the element of chance. As far as each player is concerned, the moves his opponent makes are matters of chance. His opponent stands for Fate. It is true that chess champions are said to be able to forecast their opponents' moves a long way ahead, but to them chess is an intellectual exercise rather than a game."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 2 Volcanic matter. 5 Cricket. 8 Account entry.



- 10 More certain.
12 Snatch.
15 Tails tales.
15 Inflammatory condition.
17 Watery ground.
18 Precious stone.
20 Bird.
21 Low.
22 Emolument.
24 Bored.
26 Help.
29 Alone.
31 Indian seaman.
33 Fertile.
34 Right-angle joint.
35 Another joint.
36 Healthy places.
37 Give physic.

CRAWL DOFFS
LED OVERLAP
ALOFT FAUNA
MERE GILT N
PANACEA ELK
S THANK E
BED ARTISAN
ORIMS TODO
ALOOF TENET
TONNEAU IRE
SPEAR GRASS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Exalted. 2 Yeast. 3 Yellow-fossil resin. 4 Animal. 5 Pre-eminent. 6 Raise. 7 Tires. 9 Nonsense. 11 Frees from anchorage. 14 Wheel-drag. 16 Alike. 19 Female animal. 20 Cure. 22 Cat. 23 Brings out. 24 Ancient Britons. 25 Bungs. 27 Improvise. 28 Continent. 30 Defuse. 32 Colour.

This Picture Cost a Life



IS Newcombe's

Short odd—But True

The cotton industry of Great Britain maintains at least three million people. It is estimated that there are about 140,000,000 spindles for the spinning of the world's cotton, and this country has over 55,000,000 of them.

The now defunct Crystal Palace, a gigantic glass building on high ground at Sydenham, was built in the years 1853-54 from the materials of the Hyde Park Great Exhibition. Before the previous war it got into financial difficulties and the Court of Chancery ordered the estate to be sold, fixing £210,000 as the price. Lord Plymouth put down a £20,000 deposit and appealed to the public for the remainder. The response was none too good, until "The Times" took the matter in hand and collected the balance in twelve days.

3. CAKE, CARE, BARE, BARD, HARD, HERD, HEAD, LEAD, LEAF, LOAF, WOOD, WORD, WORE, WARE, HARE, HARK, LARK, HAND, HIND, MIND, MINE, MITE, MITT, AY, BY, BE, HE, HO, NO.
4. Un-cle.

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

After the war my friend is going for a bicycle tour round Germany. What is he going to do in the afternoon?

Don't believe it. The wireless will never kill newspapers, because a man would look silly swatting flies with a radio.

★ Old Californian eccentric Peter Voiss used to make part of his living by being paid for letting people photograph him and his donkeys. One day, Dr. Jasper Gattuccio, of San Jose, came past in his car, and took a snap of Peter. This enraged the eccentric. He leaped for his shot-gun and smashed slugs into the head of Dr. Gattuccio. But there was a carload of deputy sheriffs coming along, and they saw the deed. The Doctor died. And that was the end of Peter, too. This picture is the one Dr. Gattuccio took. You can see Peter Voiss going for his gun.



THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY

Mrs. Ballinger is one of the ladies who pursue culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet it alone.

Edith Wharton.

Honesty is the best policy; but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.

Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

I am not determining a point of law; I am restoring tranquility.

Edmund Burke.

The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error.

William Jennings Bryan, in a speech at Chicago, 1896.

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

W. Henry Seward (1801-1872).

God is the perfect poet, Who in His person acts His own creations.

Robert Browning.

BEELZEBUB JONES



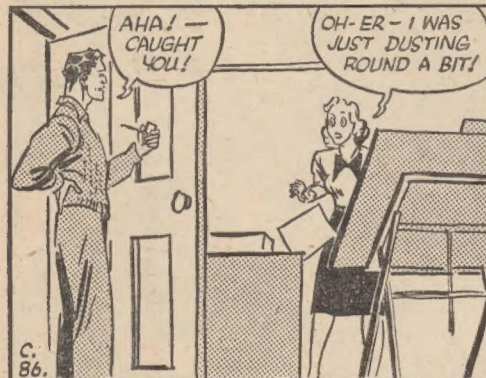
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

LIBEL LAWS.

OUR libel laws are, of course, an anachronism. There is only too much truth in the saying, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel."

Newspapers have had to pay hundreds of thousands of pounds for telling the truth.

Even the poor novelist is a possible victim, and tries to cover himself by publishing a paragraph to the effect that none of his characters resemble any possible living creature.

But it is a hell of a job, especially when you have a real, fruity villain to christen, to find a name that won't come back like a boomerang.

I feel strongly because I nearly dropped into it badly with my "Sausage-meat and Soul-mates," which had such well-merited success last year.

The scene was the pre-war French Riviera—usually a pretty safe bet—and the characters were a pretty cosmopolitan lot.

The French girl, who was not very respectable, I called Mlle. Toilette; the Italian, engaged in the White Slave Traffic, was designated Signor Hernia; and a Russian accomplice, who peddled "snow" as a side-line, I christened by a name the first syllable of which was English and the second "—off."

I went to a lot of trouble over the surname of the English crook financier, and eventually, in column one, page 146, of the third edition of the Concise Oxford Dictionary, I found the word "bumf."

The fact that I was somewhat surprised is neither here nor there; but I felt that what was good enough for so respected a publication was good enough for the British public and as safe as houses. So this very dirty villain figured in my pages as Mr. Jasper Bumf.

Believe it or not, my publishers received a letter from a man of that name.

Investigations showed that he was descended from a certain Sieur de Bouphekin who came over with William the Norman, and was, in 1068, granted a manor in the wapentake of Muck.

At one period there were a lot of "Bumkins" in the country; but the name was in the course of time shortened to Bumf.

Counsel's opinion was that we should be mulcted in very heavy damages, but the case never went to court.

My old friend, Stuart Martin, put me in touch with a former college pal who had fallen on evil days and was only too glad to earn an honest penny by the removal of persons who had become obnoxious to folk who could afford to pay.

So, one night, the man who might have ruined me was hit on the head and dropped down a manhole, being, I hope, washed into the Thames and thence out to sea. But it does show the perils that beset us literary blokes.

A SONG "HIT."

I WAS reminded of the following by Earl Winterton's animadversions on crooners in the House of Commons the other day. There is, of course, no sentiment in writing sentimental songs; in business, "vox populi" is "vox Dei." In other words, the public must have what they want. But the popular taste is often an unreasoning thing.

You remember the song that spread through the ranks of the fighting forces of the United Nations like a prairie fire: "My beery, boogie-woogie black buddy"?

That was mine; though I wrote it under one of my many noms-de-plume. (I find it helps with the income tax.) It was, I suppose, my greatest success. But its origin was most unusual.

I had been attending the fourth marriage of my fifth ex-wife. (We had remained the best of friends.) I regret to say that I got very tight, after seeing Asphixia safely embarked on what proved to be, unfortunately, another very short matrimonial voyage.

I took old Charlie (Cock) Sparrer back with me to my flat for a night-cap. Switching on the wireless to drown his hiccoughs, a popular crooner came blaring through.

The words were a mere jumble and the music a mess of a hundred other mechanical tunes. But Charlie said, "Lovely. We'll well write one ourselves."

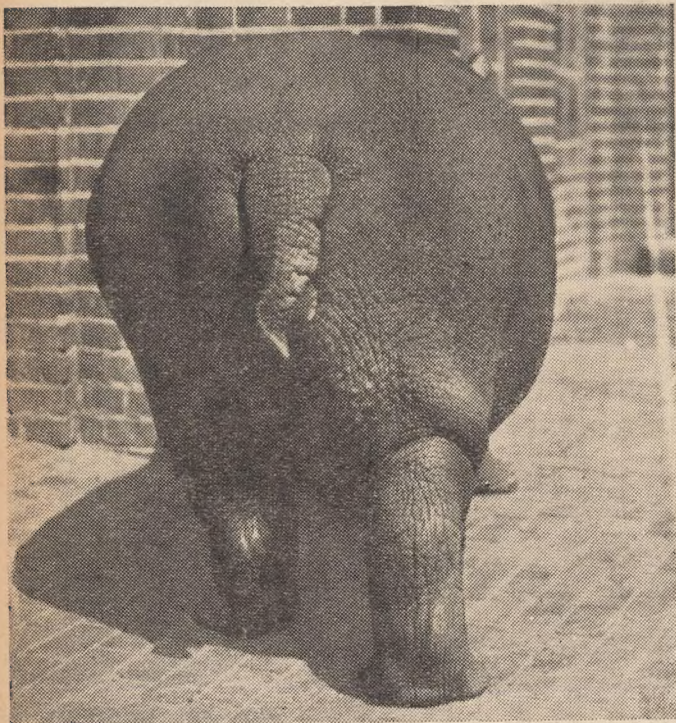
After we had finished another bottle Charlie fell asleep, but I wrote words and music before I, too, dozed off.

The following day neither of us could read what we had written. So we took the stuff to a handwriting expert to transcribe.

Now, I had written the music with the paper the wrong way up and he read it the right way up. However, the song was a wow, and I cleaned up very handsomely over it.

A Senegalese regiment adopted it as their marching song, and after the Hallelujah Singers had sung it at a festival of American music at Oshkosh, Wis., I received the degree of Doctor of Music (honoris causa) from the University of Woshbasin, Splash.

Well, after all, that is the democratic way of life.



This England The village of Painswick, Gloucester, showing the main street and Golden Heart Inn. Must be opening time, the photographer is obviously the only person outside.



Joy Blythe, dancer, of 'Panama Hattie' at the Piccadilly Theatre. Her beauty seems to have made even the parrot speechless.



"THAT REMINDS ME"

Come now, don't say you didn't do it yourself when you were a kid.



"No use complaining you're squashed, I told you we'd have a job to find accommodation before we started."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Is your journey REALLY necessary, madam?"

